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TRY OUR CORK-TIPPED GOLF-BAG-IT FLOATS !- AND OUR COMBINATION SPOOM-MASHIE PADDLE.

A LITTLE LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

"Now that the game ceases to amuse, nine-tenths of the English who set these folk in power are crying, 'If we had only known what they were going to do we should never have voted for the n'!" MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, in The Morning Post.

The Westminster Gazette, commenting upon the above paragraph, utters the following pedagogic rebuke:

"Even a bard, when he is writing in prose, ought to observe the rules of arithmetic. For, conscious as we are that in the recent by-elections the Liberal party has had reverses, we cannot find in any one of them that the Kipling candidate was returned by nine to one."

We have worked this out, and find that our genial Aiken by 2074."—Daily Telegraph. contemporary has not given Mr. Kipling so sound a lesson in arithmetic as it might have done. Its estimate of nine to one makes no allowance for any Unionist votes at all Will will be so that public opinion was against us. Unfortunately we had not allowed for the nervousness of AIKEN'S votes at all. With these thrown in (and, after all, there opponent.

were some Unionist votes at the last General Election) the proportion, if nine-tenths of the Liberals crossed over, must in any case be more than nine to one, and might conceivably run to within a fraction of nineteen to one. It is deplorable to think that, for want of this elementary calculation, The Westminster Gazette should have weakened, by a possible fifty per cent. and more, the force of the lesson in arithmetic which it administered to the peccant bard.

MORE ILLUSTRIOUS LETTER WRITERS.

Being an intelligent anticipation of further journalistic enterprise.]

WE are rejoiced to learn that the electrical condition of the international atmosphere caused by the disclosure of the President of the Swiss Republic's letter to Lord Esher has been happily dispelled. It will be remembered that the Editor

columns of that sensitive journal that it was widely known that the President of the Swiss Republic had addressed a letter to Lord Esher commenting adversely on the kitchen ranges used in Windsor Castle, and demanding that the correspondence should be published. The excitement caused in the ironmongery trade has been intense, but it has been happily allayed by the frank statement made in the House of Lords on Thursday last by Lord ESHER. Lord ESHER admitted that he had received a letter from the President about three weeks ago, but that the contents were of an entirely pacific character. It was, in fact, positively jocular in character. He had shown it to Mr. BERNARD SHAW, as the creator of Captain Bluntschli, who agreed with him that it possessed no political significance, and he had answered it in a similar tone. Lord LANSDOWNE, on behalf of the Opposition, stated that he was perfectly satisfied with Lord Esher's explanation, and the incident may now be regarded as closed.

In spite of all contradic- as cutting brushwood, etc., than the present service pattern." tions, official and otherposition to state on the

and direct, that the epoch-making let- made public; but The Times is unoperation of moistening a large num-

may profitably be considered closed. LLOYD - GEORGE admits that he It is generally believed that the story showed the message to Mr. WINSTON of this deplorable interchange of in- Churchill; but that does not explain discreet correspondence would never the currency of the rumour. Cherchez have become public but for Mr. la femme must be, as of old, our Sydney Buxton's unhappy weakness comment. for talking of his epistolary triumph.

A quick-witted woman soon puts two

Morley in the House of Commons and two together.

of The Times recently stated in the Empress of China's cablegram to the Tsar has practically ended the

Observer considers that the incident | The Times a yellow jacket. Mr.

on Friday as to the nature of the The precise terms of the Dowager communication he had received from

> painful excitement created in Paris and St. Petersburg by the sensational article which appeared in The Times. It was there alleged that the TSAR had written to Mr. Morley offering to make him Shah of Persia if he would consent to substitute the Russian for the English language throughout the Indian Empire. It was further stated that Mr. Morley had promised to give the proposal his best consideration. Mr. Morley briefly explained that he had received a letter, not from the Emperor of Russia, but from the Emperor of the Sahara (M. JACQUES LEBAUDY), but that its contents were of a purely personal character. He had not replied to it, and did not intend to. Mr. F. E. SMITH congratulated Mr. Morley on having refrained from the risk of speaking disrespectfully of the Equator, and Mr. Grayson has withdrawn his motion proposing that Mr. Morley should be deported to the Andaman Islands. We understand that M. Lebaudy's letter was of remarkable piquancy, and contained a proposal that Mr. Morley should write his (M. LEBAUDY'S) life on the same scale as his memoir

complained bitterly of Mr. HICHENS'S praise of the desert, which had caused an influx of undesirable aliens into his dominions.

The Times draws attention in a leading article of extraordinary bitterness to the letter recently received at his private residence in Battersea by Mr. John Burns from Mr. Wil-



ARMS OF THE FUTURE. ["The new bayonet is better adapted for such subsidiary purposes

tions, official and other-wise, The Observer is in a Aux't GOT KOTHIN' IN IT FOR EXABLY' RABBITS?"

best possible authority, inferential Mr. Lloyd-George have not been of Mr. Gladstone. In conclusion he ter recently sent by the Emperor doubtedly right in clamouring for the MENELIK to Mr. Sydney Buxton is imprisonment of that Minister for of a wholly facetious character, its not only receiving the message, but principal point being a play upon aggravating his offence by replying words, connecting the name of the to it at the nation's expense, and Emperor of Abyssinia with the giving the telegraph boy twopence for waiting. These are grave scandals. ber of stamps. While agreeing with As to the missive Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE The Times that it is of the highest very suspiciously refused to divulge LIAM HARRIS, the Sausage King, consequence that Postmasters-General should not be on friendly terms with foreign potentates, The



REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

King Coal. "This means that I shall have to reduce my output."

Commerce. "Then I shall have to reduce mine too. Has mr. gladstone thought of that?"

KING COAL. "I DOUBT IT."

"If the Eight Hours Bill becomes law every member of the public will not only have to pay more for his coal, but for the other necessaries of life in the production of which coal plays so important a part. To justify this loss and suffering no adequate reasons have been put forward in support of the passing of the Bill."—Letter to "The Times" from the Presidents of various important Commercial Federations.

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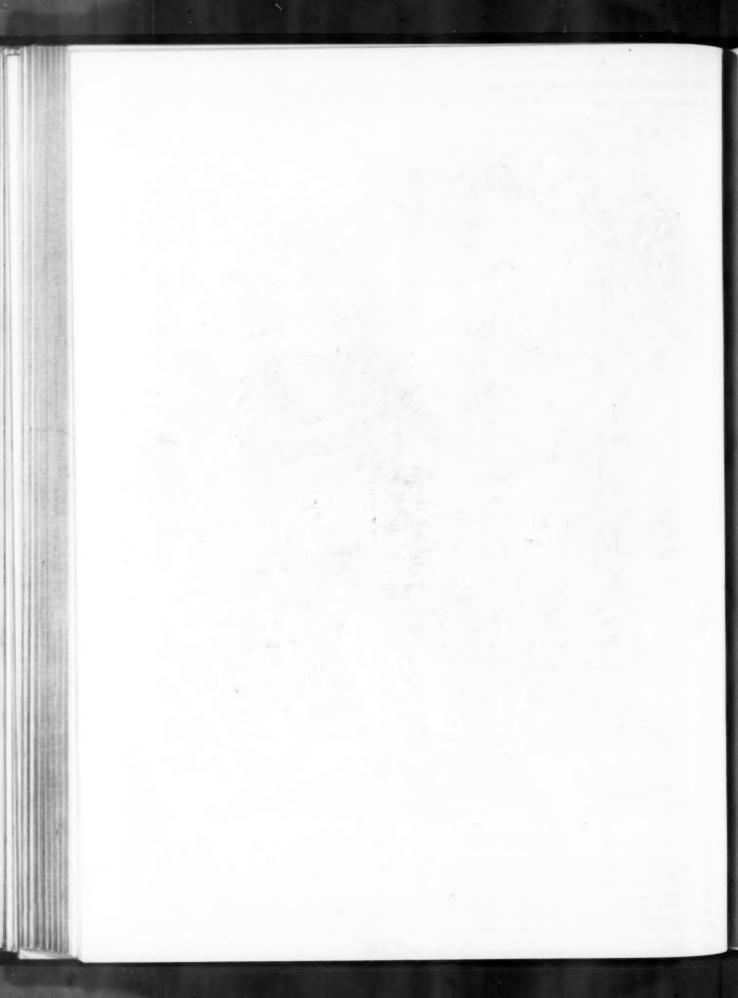
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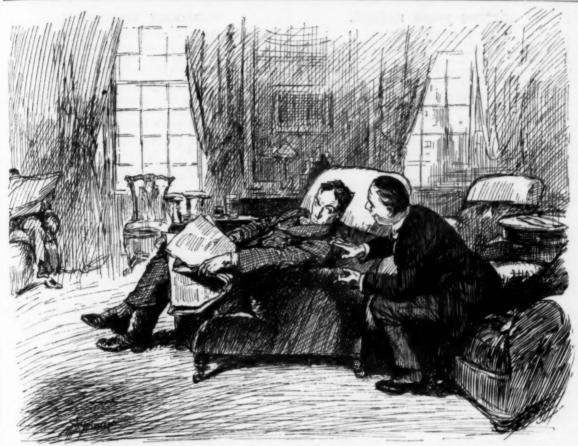
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Prosy One. "DID I TELL YOU THE STORY OF MY WIFE AND THE TAXI-CAB?" P. O. "No." B. C. "THEN YOU DIDN'T TELL IT ME!"

Bored Cynic. "Is IT VERY LONG?"

Times says, a concealed attempt to interfere with a Government Office. and cannot be too severely criticised. Mr. Burns's defence is that, just as a cat may look at a king, so may a Cabinet Minister receive a letter from one. His culpability begins when he deals unwisely with that letter. In his own case he showed it at once to Mr. Asquith, who laughed, and advised him to put it in the w.p.b. This he had done. None the less, as the vigilant Times says, a grand historic tradition is being tampered with, and it behoves all of us to be on our guard against abuses.

It is understood that the rage and mortification of those Cabinet Ministers who have not been the recipients of letters from crowned heads furnish a pathetic sight. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, makes no effort to hide his chagrin; but Lord ELGIN, on the other hand, attempts to laugh it off. Meanwhile the letter which the Earl of CREWE is alleged to have received from Chulalongkonn, King of Siam, with reference in it to disappointed Tree:

ploughers of lonely furrows, and suchlike phrases, is in the best informed circles considered to be a forgery of his lordship's own hand, done to save his face because he was left out in the cold.

A Quick Way with Aliens.

"During January and February 109,151 third-class passengers left the United States for Europe. Only 32,260 arrived."-Daily News.

"Lady, Socialist, Vegetarian, desires to meet same with whom to share fat at Thornton Heath."—The Clarion.

We always thought that Vegetarians anyhow were true to their principles. -

Under the heading "Farming and Gardening" in The Western Daily Press:
"A Ginger Beer Plant wanted."

Any relation to the Beerbohm

SELF-DENIAL.

He did not swear, as you'd have sworn,

For it was Lent. Calmly he saw the umbrella torn From out his grasp and roughly borne Forth by the wanton gale that blew Across the Bridge of Waterloo. He did not curse as most men do, But murmured: "It is meet that I As penance should myself deny That prophylactic luxury, For it was Lent.

And so he bravely watched, without Language, while It was blown about,

Its outside in, Its inside out, And made no moan nor loud com-

plaint, But bore Its loss (Oh, mark the saint!)

With admirable self-restraint-For It was lent.

The Suffragettes' Friend: The Member for Henpeckham.

LETTERS FROM FATHER.

By R*p***p K*PL**G.

[It is possible that this letter was intended for one of our daily contemporaries. It was, however, duly addressed to us, and we publish it just as we received it, with a full sense of the honour done to us by the distinguished politician and poet-traveller who wrote it.]

Where 's the verse that Shakspeare wrote Once three hundred years ago? Every lodger has a vote,
Since the Law decreed it so.
Some are better, some are worse:
That 's the way with bits of verse.

Octagon and hexagon;
Man and manners makyth man.
Lo, the lights of Babylon
Shine upon the selfsame plan.
They are red, and you are green—
What the dickens can it mean?

Nineveh's an old abode

Mostly marked by heaps of dust.
Lay the long lance on the road,
Since I say you shall, you must.
Kaisers, Tsars, and Emperors
Eat what any one devours.

Multiply the breadth by length:
When it's done you've got a square.
Then you come and try your strength
Till Oblivion cries "Beware!"
So you tramp the Wilderness.
That's the answer: can't you guess?

I am about to speak of England and those whose misfortune it is to live there. I speak of England with respect. I have tried to do what I can for the country, but everybody can realise that the efforts of one man must be useless-especially when the rest are living in an iodoform-scented fog of sentimental miasma. For two years they 've been living there, and it is not dispelled yet. Men of the Blood despise them. You can hear South Africa shouting her scorn from Table Mountain, while Australia responds with derision from the banks of the Wagga-Wagga. Wherever there is a Colony the doors have been shut and bolted and barred. Even the black man of the remoter Bush curls a contemptuous lip when you tell him about Empire. Only yesterday I happened to be speaking to a young Fijian about the Motherland. I dwelt on her glories: her steamers, her locomotives, her motor-cars, her bayonets, her big guns, her ports, and her Imperial politicians. "Me no eatee," he remarked, and the conversation fell flat. That is what the Government has made of England in two short years. To-day a Canadian took me to Canada. He was laughing all the way. "Don't you see," he said, "that you're not in it? Size, acreage—just think of it. Frenchmen, too, lots of them. Montreal, Toronto, and Quebec, can't you see? No, you're not in it." It was the password. I bowed my head. The truth couldn't be contested. That, again, is the fault of the Government.

"The 'Kentish Gazette and Canterbury Press' has a LAGER CIRCULATION

than any other Kentish newspaper published eastward of Ashford."

We are not blown up with either beer or pride, dear reader. We merely state facts.

PEDAGOGY UP-TO-DATE.

O SIMPLE and crude were the notions I had When I was a callow and green undergrad! And simplest of all were the thoughts that were mine On how to excel in the pedagogue line.

I fancied—like many Oxonian geese— One should study the culture of Rome and of Greece; I dreamt of the grove where Calliope sings, And my heart it would pant for Pierian springs.

And when I had gathered such lore as I could, And flung o'er my shoulders a bachelor's hood, I thought, in my folly, I 'd nothing to do But set up as Master and teach what I knew.

Rude, rude was my waking! I soon was to find My notions were ages and ages behind: The hours I had spent in achieving a taste For classical culture were nothing but waste.

What was Ocdipus Rex? What was Pericles' speech? I should have been studying how one should teach. For What you impart doesn't much matter now: The only significant thing is the How.

I should have been busy researching. I ought To have measured the length of an infantile thought, To have marked the effect on the cardia's action Induced by an effort in simple subtraction.

I should have been weighing the toddlers before And after a lesson in nursery lore, And known what they lost, to a scrupulous gramme, In learning the story of Mary's pet lamb.

I ought to have studied with close application The full psychologic effect of dictation; And the chemico-physical change that ensues When an infant is learning that four is two twos.

Ah me! Can I wonder if men who have wrung From Science the secrets of teaching the young Arrive at the seats of the mighty, while I, A mere scholar at best, am a thing to pass by?

The Well of English Undefiled.

"Though it is hard to believe that Sir Henry could have given a superior rendering of *The Bells*, it is safe to say that the enthusiasm of any audience could never have been surpassed even when the 'Chief' was in his prime at the Lyceum."—Cambridge Daily News.

"Mr. J. M. Barrie's play, 'The Little Minister,' was produced for the first time in Germany at Vienna last night." - Yorkshire Evening News.

According to Mr. Punch's Special Military Correspondent, the Kaiser had written to one of the Austrian Ministers asking him, as a friend, to hand over Vienna to Germany. In these circumstances a better play could not have been chosen with which to celebrate the occasion.

"Would young lady, wearing pink hat, who caught gentleman's eye, and smiled, while on car, Southgate Street, on Saturday, communicate immediately?"—Bath Herald.

He wants his eye back, poor man.

In the index of *The Manchester Guardian*, under the heading "Sport," we read: "Suffragists mobbed at Southport." These gallants of the Red Rose!

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PEACEFUL PERSUASION.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

9 A.M.—There seems to have been a great meeting at the Queen's Hall yesterday to protest against Asquith's dastardly robbery. I wish I had been there. I see that a Mr. HAROLD SMITH, of Liverpool, "advised everybody, before dealing with a tradesman, to find out whether or not he was in favour of the Licensing Bill." That is an excellent idea. To-day, at any rate, nobody who is not prepared to fight the Bill to the death shall receive my money.

10 A.M.—An awkward dispute with the 'bus conductor, who refused to say definitely whether or not he was in favour of the Time Limit. His actual words, "Ho yus, I don't think," were indecisive. I gave him my twopence with the greatest reluctance, but remembered afterwards that he was only an agent of the General Omnibus Company. They are the people whose views I should have ascertained. This is very annoying. What am I to do? For all I know they may by to-morrow be actually spending my twopence on propaganda in favour of the Bill!
Shall I get off? I suppose I....
Of course I'm very late as it is. . . . They may be against it, after all. . . . Still. . . . Well, I 'll stay on now, but I really must be firmer next

10.30 A.M.—It is extraordinary how quickly crowds collect. Foreigners visiting our metropolis have often noticed this, I believe. All I did was to ask the paper-boy what his views were upon the Licensing Question. . . .

11 A.M.—The Office Boy says he is in favour of the Licensing Bill. Impertinence! I have told him to be so kind as to dust the Encyclopædia and carry it downstairs. I'll show

Noon.-On second thoughts I'll have the Encyclopædia up here, after all. That boy doesn't get enough to do. The result is that he spends his time imbibing pernicious trash from the Radical papers.

1.30 P.M.—My difficulties seem to increase. Mr. HAROLD SMITH may be able to carry out his ideas in Liverpool all right, but London must be different. I went to my usual barber's to have my hair cut. Remembering my weakness on the 'bus

STUDIES IN TACT.



Mrs. A., who prides herself on being the best-dressed woman in her set, goes to a SMART FUNCTION WITH AN ELABORATE EMPIRE COIFFURE. AS SHE STEES, SHE SEES THAT MRS. B. (WHOM SHE DISLIKES) HAS GONE ONE BETTER. MRS. A. WON'T GO HOME; AT THE SAME TIME SHE KNOWS THAT IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO REMAIN IN THE SAME BOOM WITH MES. B. WITHOUT BURSTING INTO TEARS. WHAT IS SHE TO DO?



UNDER THE CILCUMSTANCES THE ONLY THING FOR MRS. A. TO DO IS TO RETIRE QUICKLY TO I marched straight into the shop and saked for Mr. Sutton.

THE CLOAK-BOOM, AND SO ALTER HER COPFURE THAT IT CANNOT COME INTO COMPETITION WITH MES. B.'S. THIS MUST BE DONE, EVEN AT THE COST OF A GOOD APPEARANCE; BUT, IF SHE COMPORTS HERSELF WITH DIGNITY, MANY PROPLE WILL IMAGINE IT TO BE THE MOST FASHIONABLE "It is extremely important that I FORM OF HAIR-DRESSING, AND IF HER REPUTATION IS SUFFICIENT IT WILL PROBABLY BECOME SO.

should see Mr. Sutton at once," I telegram.

"Certainly, sir," said the man; "but who is Mr. SUTTON?

I pointed to Sutton's Toilet Soap. "The person to whom that belongs, I said with dignity. "I wish to know what he thinks of the Licensing Bill."

"Oh, but there is no Mr. SUTTON actually," said the man, with a smile. "It's just-well, a trade smile. "It's just—well, a trade term. That soap, I may tell you in confidence, is made from a special recipe. It leaves no odour, is smooth to the skin, lathers freely, and-

I walked angrily into the saloon and took the only empty chair.

'Hair cut,' I growled.

'Yes, sir. How would you like it

cut, sir?"

"Without prejudice," I replied.

2 P.M.—Lunch. I am going to take it for granted that the proprietor of my restaurant is against this confounded Bill. I can't go through another scene until I have had something to eat. After all, he's a Licensed Victualler, so he's bound to

be. But I am undecided about my waiter. He always agrees with me whatever I say, and I am sure I could never find out his real opinion on the Time Limit. Perhaps it would be safer not to give him his

twopence to-day.

2.30 P.M.—Coming out after lunch, and feeling that I really had done something for the Cause this time, a beastly motor 'bus splashed me from head to foot. That is the sort of 'bus that would be in favour of the Licensing Bill. I was certainly indiscreet this morning in coming up

2.35 P.M.—Just seen myself in the glass. Heavens! A clean collar at

once.

3 P.M.—I am beginning to feel a little sympathy for Passive Resisters. It is certainly very hard to know what is the right thing to do in matters of conscience. I went to "T. R. PLUMMETT" for a collar. I went to Directly the assistant saw me he guessed what I had come for. "Size, sir?" he asked.

"I want Mr. T. R. PLUMMETT," I

"He never comes up now, sir. He lives at Streatham."

That was awkward: but still it was refreshing to find that he was an individual and not a company. With great difficulty I got his telegraphic address. (I forget what lie I told, but one doesn't stick at that on be-half of the Cause.) Then I went

" PLUMMETT, Fancivest, Are you in favour of Streatham. Licensing Bill? Reply paid.'

And then it suddenly struck mewas actually dealing with the very Government which had brought in the Bill! I was giving them a shilling, part of which would help to pay the salary of the arch - robber ASQUITH! I tore the hated thing up at once.

3.10 P.M.—I don't know what to do. (I wish I had Mr. HAROLD SMITH, of Liverpool, here. He would know.) PLUMMETT isn't on the telephone; and, if he were, the Tele-phone Company might not be against the Licensing Bill. I can't face the Office Boy in this collar. I can't go home for a clean one, because I daren't take a 'bus, and don't like the idea of walking both ways. The only thing left is to go home altogether.

10 P.M.-Let me hurry over the rest of this awful day. I have eaten nothing since lunch. Not knowing where my housekeeper gets the food from, I simply daren't. I have seen no evening paper. For all I know Mr. Harold Smith, of Liverpool, may have made another speech; how terrible to think that I may have missed it! I am out of tobacco. Supposing JOHN COTTON turns out to be in favour of the Time Limit, how can I ever smoke his mixture again? ean't write letters because of the postoffice trouble. Well, I shall just read The Daily Telegraph once more, and then I shall go to bed. At least I am safe there.

11 P.M.—In bed. A horrible thought. Is my newsagent against the Licensing Bill? Oh, HAROLD. HAROLD, spare me my breakfast-table

Telegraph at least!

MIDNIGHT .- A happy thought at last. "Many of the clergy approve of the Time Limit." Then I shan't go to church again. Ah, now I can sleep peacefully. A. A. M.

"The Bill said that a two-thirds majority could exclude the Press, but that was an anachronism; either the Press should be admitted or excluded. The hon member was still speaking at midnight, when by the rules of the House the debate stood adjourned.

The House adjourned at five minutes past eleven o'clock."—The Morning Post.

If it comes to "anachronisms," The Morning Post is not to be beaten by a mere Bill.

"Such an oofficer would get £40 outfit allowance, £20 a year of retaining fee, and his pay when he was out."—The Scotsman.

Very handsome, but not quite into the Post Office and wrote out a enough to justify the new spelling, evade the payment,

CHARIVARIA.

In drawing attention in the House to the serious shortage in Army officers, Mr. LAMBTON suggested that the examination standard was too high. Mr. HALDANE is said now to be considering a proposal for the institution of a new class of officers, who will only have to pass an exceedingly simple examination, and to whom only quite easy wars would be entrusted.

Confidential circulars, we hear, are being sent from headquarters to all Liberal Members of Parliament, pointing out the uncertainty of life, and begging them to take special care of their health in view of the fact that by-elections are undesirable just now.

Madame Tetrazzini has declared that San Francisco is "the only city in the world for a singer to live in. One understands this preference on the part of a prima donna for an earthquake city. Nature herself helps to bring the house down.

An explosion of gas occurred last week at the refreshment bar of a railway station. The windows of the bar were shattered, and a number of buns and other eatables were blown out in a shower on to the platform and the permanent way. It speaks well for the durability of the buns that many of them were unbroken and the rest only slightly chipped.

Vast deposits of fossilised fish have been discovered in Texas at a height of 5,000 feet above the sea-level. It is to be hoped that our foodinspectors are on the look-out.

Speaking on the needs of London, Dr. Ingram said: "To obtain a good milk and a good water supply are great problems indeed." The difficulty is, of course, to keep them apart.

It is to be hoped that the inscription on the new SHAKSPEARE monument will receive careful consideration. One does not want a repetition of the regrettable scenes which have taken place round the Brown Dog statue.

Messrs. Pearson are publishing "A Handy Guide to Income Tax Payers," but what is wanted, the Inland Revenue informs us, is a handy guide to those persons who ny

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The Boot Trade complains that there is not a single example of boot lace in The Daily Mail Lace Exhibition.

The triumphant march of Evolution! The Marlborough Street magistrate was informed last week that Italian organ-grinders have now given up monkeys in favour of children.

"Young man would like to correspond with either sex, about his own age," says an advertisement in a contemporary. This proves that he is not a woman. No woman would think of corresponding on such a subject.

So much interest has been taken in the bout of fisticuffs in which two eminent K.C.'s recently indulged in Court that the combatants, we hear, are to be asked to give a repetition of the scene for a charity.

The little came which was born last week at the Crystal Palace has been christened "Treeilby." One wonders whether the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is still in existence.

Much satisfaction has been caused in the Diamond Trade, which is at present suffering from depression, by the news that the EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH has sanctioned a Diamond Jubilee Procession to be held in Vienna on June 15th.

Twenty volumes of the menus of banquets given by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London during the last fifty years have been presented to the Guildhall Library. The volumes, we understand, bear the title "Food for Thought."

"The Abandoned Babies in Paris" is a heading in a contemporary. The gay city seems to be keeping up its reputation as the resort of abandoned characters.

A strange story reaches us from one of the Balkan States, where commercial morality is still in its infancy. At a recent banquet given at the house of the Prime Minister a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the Minister of Justice, next to whom he was sitting, had taken his watch. The Prime Minister said, "Ah, he shouldn't have done that. I will get it back for you." Sure enough, towards the end of the evening, the watch was



Mother. "Oh, Bobdy, you naughty boy, you've been smoking! (Pause.) Poor darling do you feel very bad?"

Bobby (who has been well brought up). "Thank you. I'm dying."

returned to its owner. "And what did he say?" asked the guest. "Sh-h! He does not know I have got it back," said the Prime Minister.

A MISNOMER.

(S.me lines on visiting a popular Picture Exhibition.)

Am a mere male man, ye Graces!

I have fairly lost my nerve!

After such a show of faces

Some condolence I deserve.

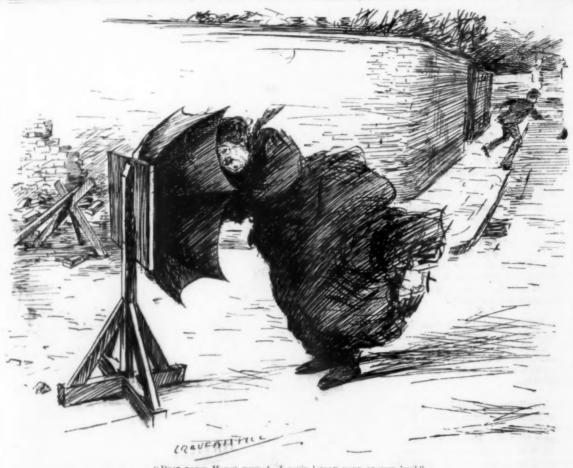
I have just been contemplating
Portraits of "Fair Women" (sic),
Which parenthesis is stating
Just what overcame me quick!

"And what the guest. Specifying each by name; One or two the most fastidious Might perhaps as belles proclaim.

But the rest—it were ungainly
My emotions to describe,
Impolite to utter plainly
Criticism of such a tribe.

Could the shade of Paris grapple
With this bevy up-to-date,
He'd to each a sour crab apple
As a prize adjudicate!

Still they haunt me with their clever, Ugly, haggard, wicked traits. If you want to gasp, endeavour On this galaxy to gaze!



"DRAT THESE MARCH WINDS! I CAN'T 'ARDLY MOVE AGAINST 'EM!"

" IT."

THE LATEST CRAZE.

EVERYBODY is talking about "IT," just as five or six months ago everybody talked about Diabolo. "IT" has taken London by storm! "IT" can be had in three qualities—

MILD, MEDIUM, OR FULL.
The "MILD" is particularly recommended by the Faculty.

Government Offices have adopted "Ir." Schools are taking "Ir" up.

WHAT IS "IT "? AH!

Listen to what Mr. BIRRELL says:—"'I had 'IT' in the mild quality for some time, and wish for no other kind."

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON writes:—
"If there was ever any doubt (which I do not admit) as to 'Irs' desirability (odious word!), the very fact that doctors as a class give it a warm welcome must, one would think, dispel that doubt from the mind of the ordinary sane man."

Many people who have not got "Ir" yet will be rushing out this week in thin shoes and forgetting their overcoats in their hurry to get "Ir."

Sleep

And they will get "It."

The stock is absolutely unlimited.

BUT WHAT IS "IT "?

Ask your friends! Ask your doctor!

Both, we fancy, will recommend

TRY " IT " IN YOUR BED!

For those who have found the answer to the above we append the following simple facts and precautions, reprinted from the contemporary Press, by observing which anyone can avoid the prevailing complaint. All you have to do is to remember that—

Influenza germs can only exist in a vitiated atmosphere. Always ride on the outside of omnibuses.

Cold winds and chill lessen the vitality. Avoid all unnecessary exposure.

Sleep with bedroom windows as wide open as possible.

Above all things, carefully avoid night air.

Damp holds the microbes. Do not go out in the wet.

The recent rain will do much to clear London of the epidemic, for which a dry and dusty February is responsible.

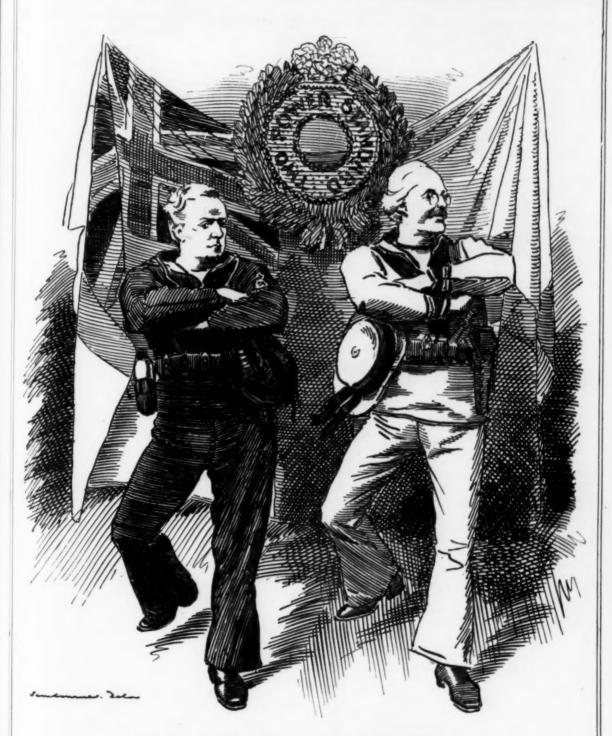
Keep the system well fortified by a generous diet which will enable it to resist infection.

Influenza attacks the well-to-do most, especially those who over-eat.

Avoid all strong scents which irritate the mucous membrane.

Take plenty of eucalyptus.

Keep cheerful. Determine that you will not be ill and you won't be. Go to bed at once.



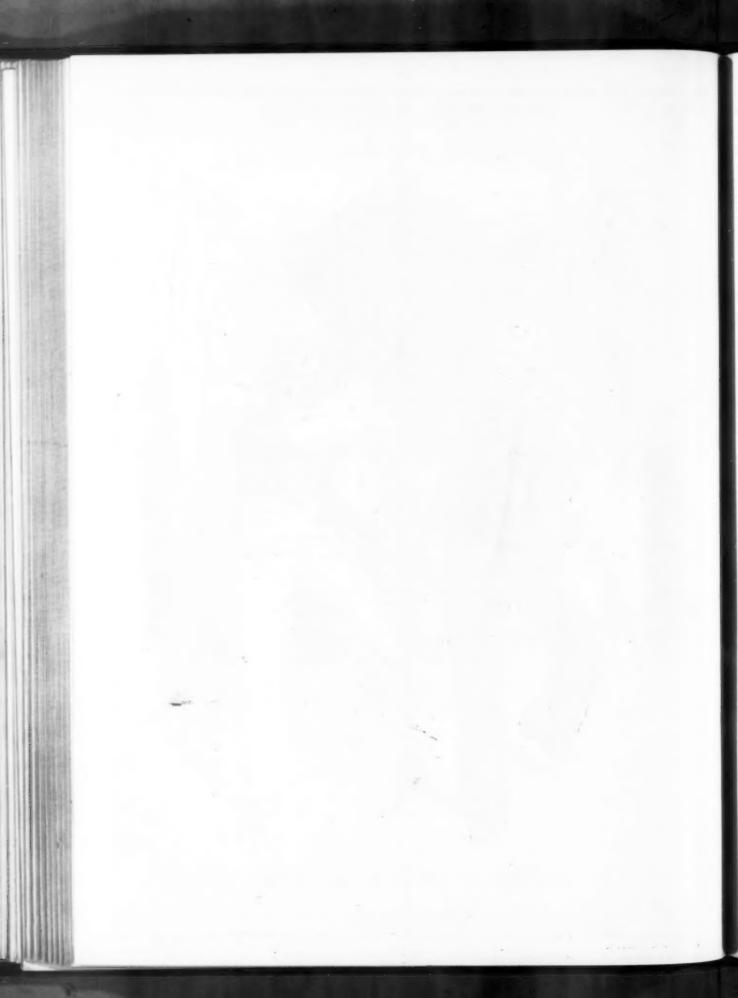
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THE DREADNOUGHT BROTHERS.

Mr. ASQUITE AND Mr. BALFOUR-Two MINDS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 9. -With the exception of one quarter, red-cushioned Chamber thronged. In spite of recent recruiting, viewed with distrust by Hugh Lea, the muster of Liberal Peers at epochs of excitement is ludicrously small by comparison with the array opposite. Perhaps it was desire to display studious indifference to question at issue that accounted for absence of his Majesty's Ministers. When pro-ceedings opened only Elgin and Portsmouth in places. To them presently entered Tweedmouth. smiling cheerily as he looked round the galleries crowded with Peeresses out for a Roman holiday, not without hope that somebody's head would

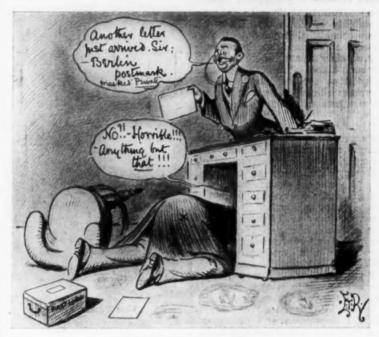
be cut off before teatime.

PRINCE OF WALES ON front Cross Bench. On his left hand Rosebery. Steps of Throne thronged with Privy Councillors and elder sons of Peers. Undistinguished Commoners peopled the pens by the Bar, jostled each other in the inadequate space allotted to them in Gallery above it. Wedged in among the long line of Peeresses sat a group of Foreign Ministers.

What had they come out for to see? Well, it was Tweedmouth shaken by The Times. The German EMPEROR had posted to him a private letter. Instead of writing across it "Not known at the Admiralty" and returning it through Dead Letter Office, First Lord opened, read, and replied. Had even talked of the correspondence in private conversation which someone betrayed. Piercing eyes, regarding incident from Printing House Square, fiercely snapped at pretence of personal correspondence. What had really happened, they clearly saw, was that GERMAN EMPEROR, intent on baulking British determination to maintain supremacy on the seas, had privily written to First Lord of Admiralty, with design of modifying our Navy Estimates.

An absolutely insane inference," to conversation between Tweed-MOUTH and Lansdowne. "Aren't "Did any portion of the we, as a nation, making ourselves ridiculous?" he asked. Noble Lords murmured assent, and turned with almost ostentatious interest to consider two small departmental Bills that constituted legislative business

"What I feel about it," said the Member for Sark, as we strolled back Germans are a bigger people than we. November or December, 1911, to



TRAGIC SCENE AT THE ADMIRALTY. (The figure marked with a cross is Lord Tw-dm-th.)

to the Commons, "is that by com-| Certainly upon occasion they show parison with the Germans we've been made to look exceedingly small. Business done.—In Lords You remember a little episode in the he was at the War Office? The GERMAN EMPEROR held a big review of his troops. On the appointed day there The event of the day, striking and rode on to the field a warlike figure disguised in the uniform of the Surrey Imperial Yeomanry. It was the British Secretary of State for War. Here was the pick of the German Army conveniently assembled. The latest resources of civilisation in the way of arms and men were displayed. The warlike instincts of the Surrey warrior, trained to highest stage of perfection, would take all in at a glance. Scanning the scene with assumed intention of ascertaining where the refreshment tent was situated, he would master all the points of the German military said ROSEBERY, going to root of system, and would naturally utilise matter in a brief speech contributed his knowledge to the advantage of system, and would naturally utilise

Did any portion of the German Press hysterically denounce the German War Office for permitting the incident? Were Ministers hotly interrogated in the Reichstag? No, treated, and before he dismounted

Business done.—In Lords and Commons the bubble floating over career of St. John Brodrick when German Emperor's letter to Tweed-MOUTH is pricked.

House of Commons, Tuesday .memorable, happened unexpectedly. Usual long list of dull questions gone through, Members with one accord strolled forth to chat, write letters, read papers, or otherwise pass the slow hours before Division bell clanged. House in Committee on Navy Estimates. Prospect of some hours pecking at details. PRINCE ARTHUR'S appearance at Table only slightly stirred scanty audience. Wanted to know whether it is the fact that towards end of year 1911 Germany will be going one better than Great Britain in respect of ships of Dreadnought class?

Neither in voice nor manner did Asquiru indicate exceptional importance of statement he was about to make in reply to this question. In low conversational tone attuned to desolate appearance of Benches he laid down the principle that Great Britain must maintain unsir. The foreign visitor was politely assailable supremacy at sea, to which end the Two-Power standard was photographed free of charge. It was desirable. As to the German would be unpatriotic to say that the programme on paper, threatening by have thirteen *Dreadnoughts* against twelve British, if there be apparent possibility of its being carried out "we should feel it our duty to provide, and we should provide, not only for a sufficient number of ships but for such a date of laying down those ships that the superiority of the Germans the right hon. gentleman foreshadows will not be an actual fact."

By this time the House aware of importance of the occasion, the momentousness of decision announced. By its naval programme Germany, designedly or not, had thrown down the glove; Asquith on behalf of the nation had picked it up. Done so quietly too. No blare of trumpets, no beat of drum, no defiant attitudinising. For once in a way plain business manner became at a grave crisis dramatic by reason of its simplicity and directness.

Business done.—Asquirm pledges himself to see to it that Britannia continues to rule the waves.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Painful impression created by appearance on Paper of question standing in name of MITCHELL-THOMSON. Proposes to ask Under Secretary of State for Colonies whether his attention has been called to statement in the Report on Southern Nigeria for 1906, to the effect that the only outcome of the present legislation on game preservation has been "to limit the shooting of a few boná-fide European sportsmen."

This the first intimation the House has received of existence of the outrages. Strong desire to know when, where, and by whom the European sportsmen were shot? Something odiously cynical in suggestion that stops short of absolutely prohibiting the practice, merely talking of limiting it.

Members recall with a shudder the fact that during his recent visit to Africa the Under Secretary for the Colonies, a representative bond-fide European sportsman, got a little shooting at big game. Happily it was in another part of the continent. That a mere accident. Duty might have called him to Southern Nigeria; and what would Lord Elgin have said had anything happened to Winston?

Business done.—Army vote agreed to.

Friday.—Lively debate on Unemployed Workmen Bill, brought in and supported by Socialist section of Labour Party. The "Universal Pauperism Bill," as HAROLD COX, nothing if not logical, prefers to call it. Its principal clause decrees that "china-shop."



The Member for Balmoral (and the rest of West Aberdeenshire).

Mr. J. M-cd-n-ld H-nd-rs-n.)

the Local Authority shall provide work for every person who registers himself as unemployed.

The Member for Sark suggests a sinister alternative. It is nearly as old as the Sphinx. Record of it will be found in Herodotus, where it is written: "King Amasis established the law that every Egyptian should



SOCIALISTS ON TOAST.

Study of Mr. H-r-ld C-x preparing for one of his delightful little raids into the Socialist "china-shop."

appear once a year before the Governor of his canton, and show his means of living, or, failing to do so and to prove that he got an honest livelihood, should be put to death."

Business done.—Second reading of Unemployed Workmen Bill refused by 265 votes against 116.

THE BARD'S SPOT AND SPOTS BARRED.

An overflow meeting has just been held, under the chairmanship of Mr. Balfour, to attempt definitely to decide upon the site for the proposed Shakspeare Memorial. Among those present were Lord Esher, Mr. Beenbohm Tree, Mr. Bernarp Shaw, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Belloc, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and the Surveyor of the London County Council.

The Chairman in his opening remarks said that everyone present must agree with him that a Shakspeare Memorial was an absolute necessity to Londoners, given as they were to playgoing, that highest of intellectual pastimes. Every day of his life he was more amazed at the number of theatres, all of them doubtless—he was no reader of newspapers, and could not therefore speak with authority—all of them doubtless busy with one or other of the Immortal Bard's masterpieces. (Mild sensation.)

The present idea, he said, was to erect the Shakspeare Memorial in Portland Place. Why, no one knew, unless it was for the convenience of American visitors to the Langham. They were met to-day to see if they could not devise a better scheme. For himself he would suggest that Portland Place was absurd when you had Stratford Place close by. (Cheers.)

The Chairman then read a letter from Miss Marie Corelli on the subject. London, she considered, did not deserve a Shakspeare Memorial at all. What it wanted was a statue either to Mr. George Edwardes or to the author of Dear Old Charlie. That was what London really wanted. This whole scheme was a device on the part of a lot of literary men to—— (Roars of indignation.)

Mr. Beerbohm Tree said he should be delighted to provide a site for the Shakspeare Memorial on the roof of His Majesty's Theatre. That obviously was the fitting place for it, and he was astonished that he had not been approached before.

Lord Esher said he was very sorry but he could not support the project for taking down the Duke of York's the

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column and substituting Shakspeare, although he was convinced that there was not a man in Germany, from the Emperor downwards, who would not be glad to know that the Duke had been deposed. (Panic.)

Mr. G. K. Chesterton said the

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON said the Memorial, in his opinion, should be on a vast scale. He went on amid cheers to offer to give sittings to the sculptor.

The Surveyor of the London County Council urged upon the meeting the importance of selecting the waste ground in the Strand where Holywell Street used to be, which at present is used only during General Elections to make known the results. He pointed out how central it was and how eligible. Not only would there be ample room for the Memorial, but ample room for the public to waltz round it.

Mr. Sidney Lee agreed. He said that he had seen that morning an eloquent article by a gentleman who first said that he was too humble himself to make any proposition, and then went on to propose that the Memorial be erected in Hyde Park, by the side of the Zuy-the Serpentine. For his own part he thought that a poor suggestion for many reasons, one being that there were no deer in Hyde Park. (Laughter.) Besides, it was too far away. They wanted SHAKSPEARE in their very midst-all among the men in the street. (Cheers.) Incidentally he would say that the Life of the Poet could be had on very reasonable terms at any bookshop. It was no use looking at a memorial of the author unless you had first read his

Mr. Bernard Shaw ridiculed the whole affair. Why raise another memorial to Shakspeare? he asked. There was an excellent statue in Leicester Square, opposite the Empire. Nothing could be more suitable than that. Let the people save their money until someone worthy of a memorial on the proposed scale should have qualified for it by passing away—he would not use so vulgar and absurd a word as dying.

At this stage of the proceedings Mr. Belloc started singing the Marseillaise, and the meeting broke up in some confusion.

The Carnarvon Bench have refused the application of farmers for exemption from licenses in respect of dogs used for churning. This seems unreasonable, as licenses are never required in the case of dogs used for sausage-making.

AN EXCHANGE OF HOSPITALITY.

(Drama in Two Acts.)

"ONE MAN'S MEAT IS ANOTHER MAN'S POISON,"



MAJOR HEAVYSIDES HAS BEEN MOUNTED BY CAPTAIN CRASHOVER ON WHAT THE LATTER REGARDS AS "THE BEST HOUSE IN THE STABLE."



CAPTAIN CRASHOVER HAS BEEN MOUNTED BY MAJOR HEAVYSIDES ON WHAT THE LATTER REGARDS AS "THE BEST HORSE IN THE STABLE."

"Many a woman sighs for what the French call 'the foot of earth' without in the least wishing to marry."—The Daily Telegr.ph.

A "foot of earth" sounds rather skimpy for an adult's grave, even if the lady is content with leading the single life underground.

"Cricket.

London, 29th February.
Ireland beat Scotland by 16 points to 41."

Egyptian Morning News.

The great point is to impress the natives with the idea that things are always going on in England.

A PLAIN TALE FROM THE HILLS.

THE Anglo-Indian novelist has such to answer for. He has even much to answer for. corrupted the untravelled innocence of some of our dramatic critics. Nothing short of the hottest curry and spice will serve to content their jaded palates. And so when Captain JOHN KENDALL, ex-gunner, with many years of service in India, produces a plain unvarnished tale from the hills, here and there you find the ingenuous protest-" This is not KIP-LING: this is commonplace." Well, one, if not more, of these remarks is true of most things in life, of which the Stage is never tired of professing itself to be the Mirror. And I think that thanks are due to Captain KENDALL for correcting, in a very quiet unassertive way, our florid notions of the Orient, and showing that even in an Indian hill-station the average Briton remains incurably British.

A very pleasant humour runs through the play; not scattered indiscriminately all over the dialogue, but deftly distributed among the characters that have a congenital aptitude for its exhibition.

There are interludes of comparative dulness, but these may be explained by the artistic honesty which distinguished between probable and improbable channels of cynicism. The author knows his atmosphere too well to indulge a flattering estimate of regimental intelligence. soldier-men may be a little too near the angels in point of altruism, but in their mental outlook they are never unwarrantably spirituels. And they have the advantage of being drawn from life, and not from the maga-Any one of them would have bitterly resented the imputation of being a hero.

The type is not, of course, a stage tradition, and Mr. RUDGE HARDING, who played the laconic Captain Smith, had little enough precedent to go upon. He acted conscientiously, but did not quite succeed in covering up the traces of careful coaching. One felt that even his manners had been got by heart. Mr. VIVIAN GILBERT, again, has still something to learn about the affable assurance of our subalterns. But if these two did the author something less than justice, Miss MARIE ILLINGTON, as

Colonel; and Miss Beatrice Terry subtle odour at the first time of as a young thing with two minds, trying. Many novices are admonished were all admirably at their ease.

It is, perhaps, a defect in the play that certain things essential to its development occur off the stage and have to be set out in retrospective dialogue. I do not refer to tigershoots and punitive expeditions, for which the accommodation at the Court would be inadequate. But I feel that we ought to have been allowed to see with our own eyes something of the changes that were going on inside Mabel's adaptable heart during the period between Captain Smith's departure and his death, and again between his death



HIS SECOND TIME ON EARTH. Horror of Mrs. Bill on discovering that there is one more Smith in the world than she had

Mrs. Bill Miss Marie Illington. Captain Smith . . Mr. Rudge Harding. and resurrection. However, the

author may well plead the unambitious brevity of his scheme.

The interest of the story, by the way, was appreciably modified, for all but first-nighters, by the revelations of the critics. There should be an article in the code of professional propriety forbidding the betrayal of plots on the day after. To give the secret away before the first night is regarded as an act of infamy; yet the distinction is almost negligible.

In a review written by one of those critics who made the discovery the match-making Mrs. Bill, may be that Mr. KIPLING was not the author said to have enhanced the excellence of this slight comedy, I have read that of his humour by personal qualities it "smelt abominably of the theatre." are only twenty-two survivors. Of her own. For the rest, Mr. Well, if it did I think it very clever of Carden as her worse half; Mr. of Captain Kendall that he should from sitting too long on the British HOLMES-GORE (with eye-glass) as the have assimilated this notoriously breakfast egg.

not to write again till they have acquired the primary elements of stage construction. But I am con-fident that Captain Kendall will live down the flattery of that review, as he will also live down the initial disadvantage under which he labours of having already achieved success in another field of art. The British public resents the suspicion of such duplicity. But I would wager something round and large that he will soon persuade them that a man may be an excellent playwright even though he happens to have made some of the best light verse in the language.

SITTING TOO TIGHT.

Dr. ISTVAN BACU (we hope we have his name correctly), of Temesvar, Hungary, according to the papers, attributes most of the physical evils of modern civilisation to our excessively sedentary life. Long ago, also, Kingsley maintained that "of sitting, as of all other carnal pleasures, cometh satiety at the last.'

Stimulated by such high authorities, an Anti-Sitting League has sprung into existence, and its members intend to conduct an aggressive

propaganda.

Among the first objects of their attack will be the Mother of Parliaments herself, on the ground that the sittings of the House are needlessly long, and the Sessions likewise. M.P.'s will in future be allowed only to stand for their respective constituencies, and not to sit or to lie on their behalf.

Perpetrators of the Postcard Smile will be severely discouraged from bestowing further "sittings" photographers. Young (or middleaged) ladies who offend against this rule will have to go back to school until the smile wears off.

Able-bodied individuals who retain their seats in crowded District trains while we are strap-hanging are to be taken back to the station whence they started and there suffer the utmost penalty of the law.

The twenty thousand or more spectators who sit and shout at each football match on a fine afternoon, instead of exercising their own muscles, shall be condemned to play in two "elevens" of ten thousand a side against each other until there

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FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF TIBERIUS DULL.

ON THE POETRY OF HUSTLING.

. . . . The hustler need not be a noisy and feverish person. The old American hustler (derived from the onomatopæic word "ostler," which records the sound made by a man who is rubbing down a horse) was of that type-always "on the bound, always loud, always feverish, obstreperous—or, as some humourists say, obstropolous-bullying and impatient. But this type of hustler is passing away. The true and nobler type is to be found not only amongst adults but amongst what Mr. PETER KEARY-himself a master of the art-so charmingly calls "kiddies." Perhaps the most perfect example of the infantile hustler is to be found in the American child. Thus Mrs. Rogers, writing in the current number of the Atlantic Monthly, gives a delicious picture of an elaborately dressed American baby of six, entirely unattended, walking into a huge hotel diningroom where her parents had lived for years, and ordering 'Devilled crabs and pink ice-cream' for her dinner," which she actually ate amidst the enraptured glances of the guests and waiters. But American children have immense advantages over their cis-Atlantic brothers and sisters. Here, for example, parents do not live for years in huge hotel diningrooms. They move from place to place, from room to room, thus acquiring a feverishness entirely alien from the calm tranquillity of the cultured American hustler. Still this type is not altogether unknown in our midst. For example, I know one of the greatest hustlers in London. But he is a man of the stillest and quietest demeanour, low - voiced, leisurely and patient, with sleek hair, a pathetic smile, and an eye like a kind boot button. For the last ten years his income has never been less than £10,000, and yet he seldom goes anywhere without a copy of the bijou edition of Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL'S Ten Minute Sermons. He knows each man's business and each man's capacity. He has written down in plain figures the value of each man in his firm. I imagine that the hustler of the future will be a man of this austere yet lovable nature.

the world, and we cannot expect to labours by indulging in the refresh- their place could never be filled.



Publican. "AND HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING MARRIED, JOHN?" John. "DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL."

Publican. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MAITER WI' SHE, JOHN?"

John. "Well, first thing in the morning it's money; when I goes 'ome to my dinner 'S MONEY AGAIN; AND AT SUPPER IT'S THE SAME. NOTHING BUT MONEY, MONEY! Publican. "Well, I never! What do she do wi' all that money?" John. "I DUNNO. I AIN'T GIVEN HER ANY TET."

find them. master minds of the calibre of made their mark and carved their CONAN DOYLE, and Mr. HAROLD pares unfavourably as a narrator with Begbie, all of them hustlers and all Sir Conan Doyle or Mr. Silas K. of them poets. The two first-named Hocking, and Julius Cæsar lacks the hotels, no lifts, motor-cars, or any of ous and remarkable men, both inthe modern contrivances which lend clined to baldness, and both cut off life its voluptuous velocity. SHAK- in early middle age. And they both SPEARE never ate devilled crab, nor made themselves so much a part of was Julius Cæsar able to mitigate the life of all who belonged to them We do not need many hustlers in the terrible strain of his Atlantean that for some time it seemed as if

There are indeed few ment of pink ice-cream. Yet they SHAKSPEARE, JULIUS CÆSAR, Sir way to success. SHAKSPEARE COMlaboured under great disadvantages. humour of Mr. W. W. Jacobs or Mr. In their day there were no great Pett Ridge. Still they were strenu-

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN a young beauty publicly announces in a ballroom that she must find a husband before midnight (or else, by the terms of a will, just come to hand, she will lose a fine heritage), and then and there holds an auction and knocks herself down to the most likely bidder—that's not a bad start for a romance. So thought the authors of Colonel Kate (METHUEN), those two brilliant Irish sisters who take the composite name of K. L. Montgomery; and they give you no chance of getting your breath again till half an hour after the finish. If ever you are tempted to pause it is only when you want to probe some mystery, such as that which shrouds the politics of Lord Lovat, or the morals of the lady of "the Taffety Parlour." In a dozen lines these clever writers can conjure up an atmosphere of obscurity he writes. The chapters present a picture gallery of which Mr. HENRY JAMES would be proud to produce in Irish types showing the wealth of genius pent up in the

variation, this time more allegro, on the PRINCE CHARLIE theme. They are as prodigal as ever of adventures, and once more have made a book with stuff in it for ten; its matter, like its manner, of

the rarest quality.

There never was a couple of worse economists than K. MONTGOMERY. I am tempted to appeal to them, as good artists, saying: "Spare the axe, and spoil the forest." But I know quite well that they won't listen to reason; they are too incorrigibly a law to themselves. And so would I be to myself if I had their brains.

Of all the musical-comedy girls that are so smart, there's none (at least if there is I must really get to know her) like pretty Sally. She is the darling of young Lord Kidderminster's heart, and lives (or

the family seat, which is several sizes larger and consider- the book is to expose the disgraceful conditions to which ably less squalid than our alley. When she married seamen are subjected on the windjammers that compete Kiddie, The Comet said that her father was Mr. James to supply England with cheap corn. Such an exposure Snape-Mainwaring, for long honourably known as closely connected with our shipping industry. In other words, Snape, who hastened his wife's departure to a happier world with a hobnailed boot, was a drunken dock-labourer. Thanks to the painful experience of her Sally Snape days, there's not a lady in the land who could teach Lady Kidderminster anything in the arts of stitching trousers, making jam, or putting on smart clothes; and as Miss Sarita Mainwaring, of the Grecian Music-Hall and the Verandah Theatre, she was unrivalled as a dancer. But it was not these qualities, nor even her red hair and green eyes, that made Kiddie fall in love with her, and finally overcame the prejudices of his family. She owed her success and her salvation to the quality which Frank Danby expresses in the title of her book. At each stage of her upward career Sally thought herself in clover, till she found that in the clover there were also pigs. But she kept them all at arm's length, and incidentally made a man of Kiddie by virtue of the heart of a child which was in her. Very likely there tion?

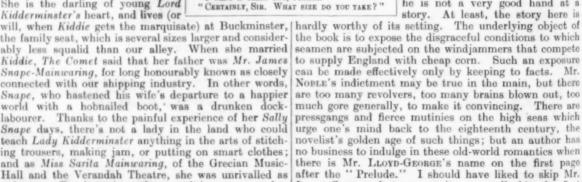
are more "Sally Snapes" in musical comedy than one is apt to imagine. If so, so much the better for our social Kiddies," to whom, as well as to anyone else who wishes to enjoy a clever and delightful book, I cordially commend The Heart of a Child (HUTCHINSON),

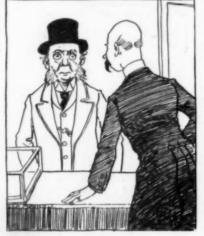
An attractive preliminary note is sounded in Mr. GEORGE BIRMINGHAM'S DATTATIVE of The Bad Times (METHUEN). It is a dedication in verse to Sir HORACE PLUNKETT, an Irishman who has done more for the welfare of his country than any Secretary of State or any agglomeration of Nationalist Members. The Bad Times recorded happened in Ireland during the plenitude of the power of the Land League. The reference suggests polemical writing. I confess that reading the book as many hundreds. As in an earlier novel of theirs, island; genius that only rarely expands to full propor-Major Weir, they give us here a tions unless it is transplanted.

Amongst half-a-dozen studies of character the finest is that of Rafferty, the old Fenian, who carries to a lone island off the coast the smouldering fires of his hatred for England and his scorn of Land League agents who lurk behind trees and walls, shoot landlords,

and, occasionally missing them, by inadvertence kill a woman.

Mr. EDWARD NOBLE, if I may judge from his book The Grain Carriers (Blackwood), knows the sea from truck to kelson. He knows her storms and her calms, and he knows the people who live and die in her company. He can put down on paper all that this means as vividly as any writer I know, and he can paint character; but I am afraid none the less that he is not a very good hand at a story. At least, the story here is





"I WANT A GLASS EYE, PLEASE." "CERTAINLY, SIR. WHAT SIZE DO YOU TAKE?"

It is denied that Mr. George Birmingham has in pre-paration a sequel to "The Bad Times," entitled "The Excellent Daily Mail."

LLOYD-GEORGE, but you can't very well skip the first

page of the first chapter.

By the way, when are we to have a great novel of Town Life written by Mr. George Birmingham, Mr. Jack London, and Miss Ellen Glasgow in collabora-